

"THE MAVERICK"

By R. E. SHAFF

THIRD INSTALLMENT



SYNOPSIS

Roy Ashley, with his family, moves West from the timber country where he had been in the lumber business. While in town getting extra farm hands for threshing a severe storm breaks, injuring his wife and when he returns it is to find his wife unconscious in the storm cellar and his son Bobby missing. With the help of neighbors Ashley probes the ruins and finds bones believed to be his son's. In the meantime, Bobby is hiding in a cave when he became lost and is terrified by the storm. A half-wild dog enters the hiding place of Bobby only to leap back with a snarl when Bobby exclaims "Decky."

The dog takes to Bobby and they become fond friends. Bobby, makes a discovery and by nursing the dog, is kept from starving. He is found by a breed Indian who takes the boy with him for several days but Bobby runs away in terror when the breed, drinking heavily, tries to strike him. The breed goes his way without a thought of his companion and Bobby falls asleep on the ground where he is found by Joe MacDonald, a rancher who is out looking for stray calves. A rattlesnake is coiled within a few feet of the sleeping boy, ready to strike.

Now go on with the story—

Ordinarily, Joe would have shot and thought afterwards. But for once, he was stopping to think. Suppose he should miss? The first move from the child meant a strike for the snake—yet he dared not put it off. At any moment that new noise was likely to arouse the sleeping child.

As Joe looked now, he saw the child's lids quiver and open. Quick as he was, he was a fraction too late. At the first move of the little hand, the reptile had struck—the fangs and the crash of the bullet had come at nearly the same time. But instead of the snake burying the two deadly needles in the hand, he had merely grazed the front finger. Before the little mite had time to get erect, Joe was over him. Sinking astride the boy, he grabbed the hand, stuck the dirty finger in his mouth and sucked, and spat, and sucked again. The lad squirmed with all his might but Joe held to the grimy hand, not even feeling the pain where those sturdy teeth were grinding in his leg. He jerked his tobacco sack from his shirt pocket, bit one string and pulled it out with his teeth. He wound it around and around the finger to stop the poison if there were any left. He then stood up to see what had caused his leg to smart, but as he did this, his patient, terror-stricken and wild-eyed, started thru the brush turning neither to the right nor left. Each time he crashed into a bush too large to go over or thru he would pick himself up and start again.

The one look Joe had of that wild face, as it came erect, startled him. For a time, all he could do was gaze in awe at the little form, as it frantically threshed thru the bush. "Seeing is believing," he said aloud.

He started in pursuit. Catching that little ball of terror was no easy matter. Those high-heeled boots were not made for speed, but Joe MacDonald got what he went after, so in time he finally grasped the small form, after a game of duck-and-diver that lasted much too long for the good of the small one's features. The scabs from the night before on his face, where the brush had torn off the skin, had been opened and a myriad of new ones added. His face and hands were fairly raw and the dirt and sand were in them.

The first thing the mite did was to whirl and bite Joe's hand, not like a playful dog, but with the snap of a wolf—it tore and cut. With a startled oath, Joe let go, to see his captive immediately again take flight. He then realized he was up against a crazed beast, crazy with fright!

Instantly he understood, and once more he gave chase, once more he played the game, in and out, this way and that, until finally the little figure fell in a heap, eyes glaring frenzy, breath foaming in a dry throat, bits of foam hanging to those thin bloodless lips. The child lay there giving its animal cry. Joe had seen his cattle wander thru the snow—gaunt, hungry, eyes sunken in, the north wind driving against them ruthlessly, saw them lay down and die. He had branded calves and their piteous bawl had caused him not the slightest emotion.

But as he looked at this wreck of a wail, a wave of sympathy swept over him. He was actually pitying something, and the sensation caused a lump to rise in his throat. He could feel his heart come pressing against his breast. He reached down, but the gash on his hand stopped him. He was not eager to have it done again.

There was only one thing to do,

He put his finger to his lips and gave a shrill whistle. The lad gave a start as tho to go on, but at the end of the whistle, lay back. There was a neigh, and soon Flick came picking his way up to Joe's side. Keeping his eye on the huddled heap Joe undid his blanket and dropped it over the child, and then picked up both at once. He mounted and started Flick for home at a run. Holding his find in front of him with both hands, he sat holding his blanket as tho he had the snake instead of a child, so great was his respect for those teeth.

By degrees, Joe worked the corner of the blanket away from the bruised and bloody face. Flick had settled into his mile-killing pace, so soon acquired by the horses of the great open spaces.

Thoughts were coursing one after the other thru Joe's mind. Where had this bit of humanity come from? But the more he pondered, the more puzzled he became—

Mom was not giving her man a thought as she sat there on the south porch, out of the range of the sun. Today was a sort of holiday—everybody gone—the morning work done, and no dinner to get, so she sat there basking in the coolness of the shade. Her fingers were busy with mending. She was like that. She would look up every now and then to the skyline, and drink in the view she had seen so often, yet which seemed so much more bewitching each time. The brush and rough hills belonged to Mom, and Mom belonged to the hills—she always would belong to them no matter where she was. Health glowed in every feature and action of Clei MacDonald. It wasn't her age that caused them to call her Mom, it was that motherly way of hers with Joe, and he was always lamenting the lack of children!

The first warning she had that anything was out of the ordinary came as she happened to glance down in the pasture where the extra horses were kept. As she looked one after the other came to attention—their ears forward and looking north intently. Mom came to her feet. Turning, she also looked north, and crossed the house to peer from her vantage point, the back door. Out across the sage there arose a cloud of dust. To her experienced eye, that meant movement of some kind, most likely a rider.

Soon she was able to make out a horse coming at breakneck speed, and as they turned to one side, the sun glinted on the wet flank of a chestnut horse. She gave a start, something was decidedly wrong or Joe wouldn't be riding Flick like mad for home. A multitude of things entered her mind; she turned and opened the drafts on the stove, set the kettle forward, and turned to watch her man come tearing down the road. He was near enough by now so that she could see he held something in his arms. It looked like a blanket. At a touch from Joe, the flying horse turned from the path and at the back-pressure of his legs came to a sliding, grinding halt at the door.

Anxiety and wonder marked every line in his face. As Mom stepped out he held his burden aloft, and away from her, slid his leg over the saddle and dropped to the ground, his face still white.

"Look out, Mom; I've got something here. I don't know what to call it, but it sure has been thru hell!" he said.

He laid the blanket on the ground and pulled back the edge. With a cry, Mom dropped to one knee. She did not hesitate or lose time. Instantly she snatched that frail wail to her bosom and mounted to the door. Joe kept close at her heels. The child had not moved, only those raw black hands had crept around her neck. She started to untie the string but Joe stopped her. "The kid got bit with a rattler, Mom. Better see if you can fix that first. I don't think there is much poison left as it was only a graze and I sucked out all the blood I could," Joe informed his wife.

She grabbed the tea kettle, and the child was still clutched in her arms. She soon had washed the wound, and said it was only on the surface. The boy got one good look at Joe and again gave that animal cry, terror in his eyes. "You go out, Joe, and I'll put him to bed," Mom said softly.

When she had finished with the little boy she closed the door quietly and called softly for Joe. "Where in Heaven's name did you find that poor, abused little mite? I never saw such a body; all bruised and torn! There are three ugly scars on his arm. And his clothes are of good material. I'm just dying to know where you got him," Mom said.

"Well, I was over in the brush at the foot of Sand Butte, looking for a maverick. Looks like I found one all right. Can't seem to figure it out how it can be possible. It sure had

me stumped. When the little cuss—" "Joe MacDonald, don't call him a cuss!"

"Now, Mom, I plumb forgot—but do you see that hand," Joe asked.

"Why Joe, how did you do that?" "I didn't. That is what made me say 'cuss' a minute ago. The kid did it when I caught him the first time. He also chewed my leg a little," he said.

"Let me put something on that at once, Joe, dear."

She turned to the bed to give the "mite" a look before she got the medicine. A new era had entered her life. She had received her heart's desire at last. Clei spent her time feasting her eyes on the boy every time she was near enough. How her heart was torn by the sight of that pitiful little form, and to see the look of terror each time Joe came near.

After a few days of Mom's care and nursing, the lad once more took on his boyish ways. But Joe had to stay away. He kept asking for "Decky." Finally she learned in her own way that Decky meant a dog. It was the one thing he remembered and the thing that stayed with him, so Joe went to Cooper's Plains, the small town was called where they shipped the cattle. He finally found a wolf-hound puppy. That is what settled things between Bobby and Joe.

Mom and Joe called him "Bobby." To the rest he was "The Maverick."

As time went on and no clue came to prove who he was, Mom and Joe began to plan for him. He must have an education. Mom was sure of that. So Joe, to show his goodness of heart, promised Mom that if he finished before he became twenty-one, he was going to set him up in the cattle business.

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

"A snake crawled down a gopher hole, When the sun was starting West, When he came out, he wore a satisfied look, And a big bulge in his vest."

The singer shook the reins over the chestnut horse's neck and came across the flat, then up the rise of ground to the corral gate. Letting down the bars, he stepped the big horse thru. He fairly scraped the saddle and bridle from its back, then stood an instant to watch the horse kick up the dust as he galloped out to join the bunch. The Maverick whistled as he hung the things in the shed.

The lad was certainly happy to get back to the great outdoors, after so much time spent in school in the city. Also those wide-open spaces had been calling all the time with their cows and horses as they played their games out under the canopy of blue, with its varying colors, its thrills and hardships.

Joe, true to his word, had set aside the small herd of white faces and branded them with the Maverick's own brand and had the brand registered in his name. Well, it was great to see those broad red backs and those deep massive bodies. The pride of the Cross Bar Ranch, and more, the pride of that section. Joe had given till it hurt. The promise he had made was surely filled. That was Joe, all the time.

When you say "clean as a hound's tooth," you have described The Maverick. Fair of face and figure, yet there was something about that tanless face—something that seemed to confuse.

He cleared the shed door with a leap, and fairly popped into the kitchen. As he burst in, he was engulfed by one hundred and eighty pounds of calico and arms. Sleeves up to her elbows, busily engaged in the coming meal, Mother MacDonald kept watch of him from the window as he rode out to inspect his first possessions. Her kindly eyes beamed as she noted the proud feeling that dominated his features when he burst in at the door.

"How do you like them, dear?" she asked.

"Bum, Mom, why in the world did Dad do it?" Bobby asked her smilingly.

She held up her finger for silence. "When you came in that day you were found, we were both glad. So glad, that we started planning for you. You were going to get an education if you lived. He promised you a herd of cattle as soon as you were thru. Imagine us planning for you, and we didn't even know where you came from."

"Goah, but I'm glad to get back, Mom."

"Not one bit more than we are to have you. You won't be gone so long from me again," Mom caught up the edge of her apron, woman-fashion.

The Maverick settled down to the work in hand. The header completed the task of putting those golden fields of wheat in long neat stacks ready for the threshers. The fall plowing had been done. Great

wagon loads of wheat were taken to town. Thus the winter had passed. Now the last visible signs of the winter had vanished and in its stead the sun-shone warm and the breeze softly among the gulleys and draws. So suddenly do these changes come that they seem incredible.

For nearly a month the spring had kissed the prairie, the wheat was ankle high, when it happened. Several things had happened, the Cross Bar Ranch was no more devoted alone to raising cattle. The nesters had come to stay, and to keep in step with the times.

"Mac," as Joe was now known, had sold off most of his cattle, fenced the big flat tract, and "went in" for wheat. He had to give up his leased range and also to fence his remaining land. To top it off, after he had stocked with a small herd of white faces, he had been elected sheriff. To do his best, he had to relinquish his presence at the ranch and move to town. Mom held out for a while, but in time she moved to town as she was sure that restaurant food would kill Joe. Someone had to look after the ranch.

The Maverick was sent to the city to learn the art of driving the huge steam monster that pulled the plows and threshed the grain. In spite of what he well knew, Mac had hired Dave Hines' son to run the place.

Dave was a politician and the boy had a rather shady past. Dave had had trouble with him in the city so had been sent back to Cooper's Plains and Mac had given him a chance. He was tall and robust and good to look at. He had taken charge and things had gone fine.

The Maverick came home in March. The plowing was done, the wheat in, and the flax ground plowed. He had taken a couple of days off to go into town because Mom had to get her bulbs planted. They would grace the front yard of her town house. The weather was ideal, even in town, but the Maverick had to get back.

A surprise had come to him as he watched the morning train pull in. This was still a real event in Cooper's Plains. To his great amazement, Ida Peterson alighted. As children, they had played and had gone to school together. But here was a different Ida. He had not seen her in two years and in that time a lot can happen to a country girl who goes to the city to train for nursing. Clem Peterson had sent down an extra horse by the Maverick for her to ride out home.

The change nearly swamped him. The tan had gone from her face, and her neck looked as tho it might have been carved from ivory. He was used to seeing ivory-white necks and arms, but Ida Peterson completely swept him off his feet. Of course, he did not realize that she himself was changed since she had last seen him. Together they walked to the house. Mom made a fuss over them both, and agreed to hurry dinner so they would be sure to get to the Peterson ranch early. "Just as if these two would be afraid of the dark," she said.

The Cross Bar Ranch was three miles farther out than the Peterson Ranch. Joe advised them not to go on night work. They were soon on their way. About five miles out the Maverick turned and looked at the sky. What he saw did not please him. It was turning a blackish-brown color. Soon the sun faded—not fast, but inside of a quarter of an hour, it was starting to get dark. They had been traveling fairly fast out across the level.

"I guess we're in for a little rain by the looks of things," said Bob. But she relieved him by slapping the slicker tied to the saddle. She informed him she was "no tenderfoot" even if she did look like one. It rather peeved him because they had always agreed on things. Now,

she seemed so distant. Somehow, he sensed, she had put a barrier between them. . . . If he had known what was in store for them, he surely never would have passed Turner's place, "woman or no woman."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Births

July 16.—To Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baldwin of Bolivar, a son.

July 5.—To Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Matylas of Cuba, a daughter, Marilyn Ann.

July 6.—To Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Webber of Cuba, a son, Michael Basquin.

Marriages

June 27.—Miss Florence E. Slocum of Franklinville, and Edward Abbey of Angelica.

July 9.—Miss Eleanor J. English of Fillmore and Carol J. Shaner of Bolivar.

July 14.—Miss Katherine C. Smith of Batavia and Dr. Robert A. Bell of Wellsville.

July 5.—Miss Lucille A. Clapp of Cuba and George R. Otto of Obi.

July 11.—Miss Anna Carrier of Clarksville and Burtrum Campbell of Belmont.

July 7.—Miss Angelia Curcio of Belfast and Frank R. McLaughlin of Cuba.

Deaths

July 11.—Olive Jane Brooks, seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brooks of Wellsville, following a long illness.

July 12.—Thomas Sortore Windus of Belmont died at Jones Memorial hospital, Wellsville. Born in Belmont in 1869. His widow, two daughters and two sons survive.

July 15.—Carl A. Sherwood, 19 years of age, of Wellsville died at Jones Memorial hospital of injuries received in an automobile accident on the Wellsville-Allentown road. Deceased was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sherwood of Hume. A brother and sister survive.

July 8.—Mrs. Anna G. Bernard, born in Oramel in 1857, died at her home near Cuba Summit. Two sons and a daughter survive.

July 11.—Mrs. Rose Brown of Alfred Station, aged 70 years. Funeral service and burial were at Almond.

July 11.—Charles N. Tucker died suddenly at his home in Belmont, aged 70 years. Besides his wife he leaves a son, Nathan B. Tucker of Belmont, a daughter, Mrs. Helen Brooks of Scio.

Editor LeClere's Mother Dies

The News tenders sympathy to Editor Frank LeClere of Friendship in the recent death of his mother, Mrs. Harriett Booth LeClere at her home in Eagle Rock, Los Angeles, Calif.

Home Relief Outlays Drop Again

A further drop in home relief payments over Allegany county in June is welcome news. There has been a decline since April 1. The amount of recession last month was \$270.82 as against a drop of \$650 in May and \$1,200 in April. June's total was \$3,566.70. The number of families aided was 216, numbering 1,114 individuals, 467 of them over 16 years of age. Of persons in 270 cases, in 52 cases work relief was given. Eighteen new cases (ones having received no aid since Nov. 1, 1931) were passed on and 16 old cases reopened. But 16 cases were closed during the month. The town of Allen, with \$6 outlay, had

the lowest amount paid, except New Hudson, which provided no home relief. Wellsville paid out \$928.17, the highest amount provided by any one town.

Ward Cummings Weds Girl at Shippensburg

Richard Ward Cummings, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cummings of Shippensburg, Pa., formerly of Shinglehouse, was united in marriage to Miss Berneda Foltz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Foltz of Shippensburg, on Tuesday evening, July 10, 1934.

The ceremony was performed in the parsonage of the Church of God in Shippensburg, Rev. M. C. Manning, pastor, officiating. The ring ceremony was used. Jay Cummings, brother of the groom and Miss Eleanor Mooney, friend of the bride, were the attendants.

The happy young couple will make their home in Shippensburg. The Mail joins in sending congratulations.—Shinglehouse Mail.

Confers on State Fair Exhibit

Allegany County Farm Bureau agent Earl C. Foster was in Syracuse Monday conferring with officials of the New York State fair and executives from the Cayuga county Farm Bureau for arrangements for the joint agricultural exhibit which will be arranged for the State Fair. The exhibit will feature potatoes or vegetables or both.

Certificate of Partnership

TO THE CLERK OF THE COUNTY OF ALLEGANY, and TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

WE, the undersigned, SARA R. CANNON, MARY ELIZABETH CANNON and EDWARD R. CANNON, of Andover, N. Y., each hereby certify that we have this day entered into a co-partnership under the style and assumed name of JAMES P. CANNON COMPANY, for the purpose of continuing the business heretofore conducted by James P. Cannon, and James P. Cannon Company, engaged in the sale at retail principally of Dry Goods, Men's Clothing and Furnishings, and Ladies' Furnishings, boots and shoes, in the Brick Store Buildings owned by John E. Cannon and James P. Cannon, on the easterly side of Main Street in the Village of Andover, N. Y.

That such partnership this day formed is for the purpose of continuing the sale at retail of Dry Goods, Men's Clothing and Furnishings and Ladies' Furnishings, boots and shoes, at the same place in the Village of Andover, N. Y., and as his successor and for the same purpose.

The undersigned Sara R. Cannon, Mary Elizabeth Cannon and Edward R. Cannon, being the widow and only heirs at law and next of kin of James P. Cannon, deceased, and as such are to continue the business of said decedent.

Dated at Andover, N. Y., this 5th day of July, 1934.

SARA R. CANNON,
MARY ELIZABETH CANNON,
EDWARD R. CANNON.

STATE OF NEW YORK,)
County of Allegany,) ss.

On this 5th day of July, 1934, before me, the subscriber, personally appeared Sara R. Cannon, Mary Elizabeth Cannon, and Edward R. Cannon, to me personally known to be the same persons described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and they duly and severally acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

CRAYTON L. EARLEY,
Notary Public

Subscribe for the News.

The Fact Finders By Ed Kressy

COME ALONG WITH US... WE WANT TO SEE YOU... WE CAN FIND FOR YOU...

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS RECEIVED 1500 PEASANTS... ABOUT \$3000 A YEAR, AS COMMANDER OF THE SANTA MARIA.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE OTHER SHIPS, THE PINA AND THE PANTA, RECEIVED ABOUT \$1000 A YEAR.

THAT ENDS OUR FACT FINDING FOR TODAY... HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL ON THE NEXT TRIP

ALTHOUGH AN EXPERT SWIMMER WHEN DOWN THE NORTH SEA LION HAS TO BE TAUGHT TO SWIM... THOUSANDS OF YOUNG SEA LIONS DROWN EVERY YEAR IN THE PROCESS OF LEARNING.

FLINT-TIPPED ARROWHEADS WERE USED MORE THAN 20,000 YEARS AGO.